



STUDY TO BE TRULY EMINENT.



"Knowledge is as the light of Heaven: free, pure, pleasant, exhaustless. It invites all to possession; it admits of no pre-emption, no rights exclusive, no monopoly."—Washington's Farewell Address.



Sunday

Edward Miller

John Warrington

Remembrance of the voyage of the ship
Ellen's round to the North West Coast
of a whaling business

Edward Miller

Ship Ellen's

James Warrington

Long Island

1845

Old Dartmouth

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Tuesday

July 1st 1845. Sailed from Sag Harbor - Course S-E - bound to the Islands - Wind unfavorable being dead ahead. Wednesday July 2nd, quite a fair wind. Sea runs high. In the second watch hail rain in plenty - Thursday July 3rd - Unfavorable wind; all hands called on deck - In the night, rain & hail in torrents - Friday July 4th - Weather clear, a fine day this for the season. The waves roll mountain high & beat well over the weather bow - Late watch on deck - Watch engaged in firing guns at about 11 o'clock - Captain Sagger Commandant. Mate Stallick Chief Officer. Mate Port 2nd Officer - Carpenter. Ship's 28 men fire aft - Have seen 3 sail this day - 20 men in the fore-castle & the whole a filthy place - Cook man being sea sick gave myself - The pleasant to stand on the fore-bow & watch the blue wave as it comes & beats one now & then dancing on its top, while flocks of m. & p. & many chickens - Saturday July 5th - Fair wind, fair weather - Still continue "firing up" guns - All male watches of course - We have the fore-castle & fiddles, 1 accordion & a flute - Nearly all day & such a combination of sounds & song, men seldom hear the dog watch from 6 to 8 in the evening, all hands on deck - There is little doing, sit around in groups, spinning yarn & singing songs - I bunk with Jim Doyle; a stouter finer fellow never lived - Sunday July 6th nothing done this day, but in the main ^{20 sail} ~~20 sail~~ - In morning watch saw 2 large schools Porpoises & made ready to pass from same; also saw schools black fish but they as well as the porpoises were so far off, that we got none - Black fish are very large - Whales always take them as one fish produces from 3 to 4 barrels of oil - Monday July 7th About 30 miles from land - Weather pleasant; but little wind. We are now in a place where sperm whale is seen - A man upon the mast head is on the lookout - The two sail - afternoon watch, the wind begins to blow more freshly. The mate expects a heavy gale - The order, "Every man aloft" introduces me as well as gunhands generally, to receive the main topsail. The waves roll mountain high - Our skippers & I give a plaything upon the fore-castle deck - I hope we go - Some of the gunhands cannot creep up the side of the mast - The rest go on & I am one of them, standing at last on the main top sail.

not as little fear as any of them. - Once this day Rane I been aloft - at
one time, the wind blew so furiously & the waves rolled so high & our ship
pitched so furiously, that I swung off the shrouds leading around the
top & for several moments hung suspended by my hands alone, bay over
weather side - I at last gripped the shrouds & got safe at last
on deck - My chum who was standing side the mast at the time, ~~he~~
he watched me with considerable anxiety & when I had regained my feet
my, said "Well do -" Tuesday July 8th - Wind fair & in an of am - The
founder through the shankling line & rides in majesty on the main
Stile, on looked on whole - Nothing of importance this day - Wednesday
July 9th - Trunked sea & heavy rain - Gale of wind & waves stormy to
each other with their frumpy tops - Much work this day in reefing &
furling sails - In every larboard watch, all things morose lashed
tight. It is amusing to note in our forecastle hold, the board boys
in active dispute with shipmats chest. At every plunge of the
spear, it rolls from the starboard to the larboard side & pounds
down its square antagonist, when she in turn, returns a broad
side, that makes the sea beset with crack & crumble in the
circular trism. From Males account, we made yesterday's dip
in 300 miles - Huzza for the Illinois -
Thursday July 10th - Fair wind, fair weather - Nothing of
importance occurred this day - Little work & much time
for reflection - The sea boy's mind wanders to his home
there in phantasy, plays over his native soil -
Friday July 11th - Fair wind, fair weather - Time occu-
pied in preparing for the fishy conflict - Saturday July
12th - Stiff wind - Took in top gallant sails - Saw 2
sail - The wind blew a gale & carried away in its way
ring - The waves troubled by its invisible but sensible
power, in anger foamed & rolled in cones over the
main - 12 o'clock, Saturday Night - Bristling still the wind
I trembled still the deck - Top sails secured & danger im-
minent in so doing - Sunday July 13th - Gale of wind -
Slush buckets, Hogsheads, shovels & staves, playing war
on the deck - Then comes suddenly stopped by rushing
in the principle that too much play makes Jack a dull

boy - Afternoon watch. Close reefed is the Elkins & now
 submitting to the Army King, Pays to - amusement here there
 is & spent even on so dull a day as the Sabbath - Old sails
 taken from Larboard to the Starboard side of our Majestic
 ship, being up against the rail & in damming the crew
 here, stand with agility surprising to the Yankee side
 and so in rolling, damming, swearing; with occasional
 shipping a sea, that would drive a Clapham, we have
 the sad yet heavy hours of a stormy Sabbath - Permitted
 to speak of the rain - I imagine the windows of the
 grandest heavenly palace all opened, casting their
 flood upon subject earth & maybe you will have
 an idea of this rain - So strong the gale & high the
 waves, that we had to remove the waste boat, for fear
 of losing her, either by starting in or by the carrying
 away of the greedy waves - Monday July 15th - Rain
 still continues & the reef still kept too - at about
 12 o'clock the sky became clear & the sun did peek
 her eye from behind her cloudy veil - We made sail
 & continued in doing, & carried full sail by night -
 Tuesday July 16th - My duty in going to the mast head
 on the lookout for whale - Watch on the lookout saw
 finback whale spout & singing out that he did so,
 soon made all hands turn out & stand in ranks
 looking & vainly striving to behold his lordship, finback
 This day fine weather, fair wind - Fluffy Dicks are
 dancing around me as I indite these memoranda
 of my voyage - Wednesday July 16th - Fair weather & fair
 wind - nothing of importance occurred - Thursday July 17th - The
 same as last - Friday July 18th - Raised land & saw at a distance
 the shores of ^{Flora} Cans, resplendent with their beauties - Fair wind, fair
 weather - Saturday July 19th - Saw Huala & at a distance of a
 few miles, rose in strange & surprising grandeur, the Peak
 of Rico, towering far above the clouds & seeming to be
 the footstool of the deity - Saw 4 sail sailing about the
 Island - Our captain dropped boat & went ashore - Texas

amusing to see the numerous longboats that surrounded
our ship; boats all filled with fruits & meats that would
make even the head of our most fastidious beauties - The
inhabitants at Payal are Portuguese; still many of them
can talk English - Their complexion, like that of the
Mullatto - Their features harsh & strongly marked - The
principal living comes from the land, which they cultivate
in a manner not to be despised - About 8 o'clock in the
evening we left Payal with a fair wind & a fair
Sunday July 21st. Fair wind, fair weather - About 8 bells in
the afternoon, we spoke the Magnolia, a New-Bedford
Whaler & jammed with her - Monday July 22nd. Fair wind,
fair weather - Saw 2 black fish & sped sail to leeward -
All hands engaged in making scrub - Tuesday July 23rd. Fair
wind & fair weather - In our morning watch below, we were sud-
denly aroused by disturbance on deck & rushing in mad haste
said deck, we found that our Captain had lowered boat & was
in active pursuit of a shark that floated on the main -
We followed him till sight was lost in distance. Shortly after
a short time, we beheld his boat haring in from the sand spit
which was completely covered with muscled, which clung to
the timber, with a tenacity peculiarly muscular - In the
brief time he had been absent from the reef, he had picked up
dolphin & black dolphin. were when I beheld them, bidding adieu
to their scaly world - At the return of Captain, all hands were
called & engaged in raising this mighty shark. We can tell
but that some ship, once dancing the round dance as we, had
had fallen victims to tempest rage & wrecked - The shark being
raised, I threw myself lazily on the rail & there watched
our captain strike dolphins & chain them in, with distinctly
peculiar to himself - I presume that their weight averaged
from 25 to 30 hundred - In the afternoon watch, the fore-castle was
completely embayed of the life clock & the bow shot & shot from
was completely filled with the men, fishing for Skip Jack
& other Cues, which they caught in great quantities - Day
100 or more - The blower one sails of course in its use, but

was caught at ^{light} from 10 to nearly round - Wednesday July 23rd - Fair
 wind & fair weather - Ship Jacks in numbers round the ship -
 hands engaged in setting up Goms & such work for Green hands
 as would make a landlubber die to think of. We have to turn
 the grindstone & Rims, before we are relieved & this kind of
 a short distance from the Equator - Our Captain engaged the
 most of the day in checking the different kinds of fish, that
 swim in numbers around our vessel - Our course now is South
 by West - We will cross the line shortly - Thursday July 24th - Our
 Watch engaged in clearing Caboose & preparing all things
 for the whale - On the afternoon look out, at a distance of
 about 100 yards from the ship, I spied a Frampus, riding
 the gentle wave & actually by his breathing, made as much
 noise as a Steamboat does on her passage - After puffing
 & blowing, he sank to rise somewhere, but, where or in
 what direction I could not discover - Toward the close of
 my look out, I saw another monster, named the Sea-Turtle
 going about - ships - I went out to the Mate, but before
 he could get ready, the head dived within its Shelly case
 & I sank within the surface - To say that I feel homesick now
 is untrue - Still at the thought of confinement on this narrow
 compass, the ship six months at least, before we see land
 I almost tremble - In this place in part of my Journal, it
 becomes proper to speak of the discipline & officers of the ship -
 First then of discipline - At the order of the officer, every man
 jumps to his work & strives to do his best to please said officer
 Every thing on board is done in a systematic manner - The crew
 are pleased to a man, with their Commander & his sub-
 ordinates - Captain Jagger is evidently a man of civility
 & a sociable man - The former he has shown by his kindness
 to those of us, who have been sick, by removing them aft &
 having them under his special care & protection - The latter
 by his repeated smiles & jokes with his officers & some-
 times with the sailors - Frederick Halleck is First Mate -
 To say a better sailor never lived, perhaps would stretch
 some, but to speak of his feelings & general deportment, they

one of a character the most noble - That man on board the
Illinois, would not willingly risk his life for his first
mate - None - Sailors are men, though though they do
live in the fore-castle & it is here, very, very often, that
we find "Gentlemen Noblemen" - Mr. Hallick has been
for the last 18 years of his life - Commenced in the
fore the mast & by activity, industry & perseverance, has
become 1st Mate & will next voyage, be the Captain
of this, the Illinois - Mr. Post is the 2nd officer - A man
kind, kind & agreeable - is liked by all the crew & a
good seaman - It is so dark, that I cannot write any
more - Friday July 25 - Fair wind. Fair weather. Nothing
of importance occurred this day - The same the 26th
& 27th - 28th July, saw sail on the sea-bow - Tuesday July
29th Breeze fair & strong - The gun chimney with his powder
stung upon our deck - Grey horn blimp in nearer to the line
& as the power of the gun increases, his position falls.
Wednesday July 30th - Both watches engaged in mending
sail - Toward evening, the cry of powder from Lookout on
the main head, started the crew from their reclining posi-
tion to the fore-castle, where our Captain with his
usual skill struck a tubercle & the fluke was being applied
to his forehead, he was dragged upon deck under the stern
of the gun - He gave signals from the time of his capture,
to our ship & being up ready for the crew - Thursday July 31st
Saw the two islands in view - Crew engaged in mending
sail - Had dinner last of Breakfast - August 1st 1845 - From
the last time I wrote nothing of importance has oc-
curred - We have had calm & heavy winds on the whole
however fair weather - The trade winds have been this far
unfavourable - The crew have been engaged in beating
up for water & making nets - We have seen several Quilts
as yet no whale - Every thing in harmony on board the ship
The only above was caused by the Lookout spotting a great
job of Tobacco Luce from the main head - The only cause of
discord on board ship is in relation to Cod-fish, which will

great regularly is served to us, after breakfast - Last night we were in expectation of a gale of wind & we were in some degree gratified in such expectation - We were compelled to quit the Fore Top Gallant Sail & Fly Gib., when the sea ran high & wind blew hard & waves rolled overboard & foaming in tall combs, meeting over & under, our bows & dashing over them with a rapidity & delight, by no means amusing. August 13th - From the last time I wrote to the present time, we have been engaged in doing jobs on the rigging & doing but little on deck - The boat has been of use although we are but 20 miles from the Equator at this time, yet we have a fair breeze blowing clear & fresh. On the 12th of this month we overhauled & spoke the bark "Portland" of Boston bound as we are for the South Sea Islands - It is pleasant to behold a sail on the blue main - There is comfort in the thought that near is human aid & a living little world - ~~At this~~ This morning we sighted black fish at a distance of a mile from our weather quarter - The boats were instantly lowered & although they came within some 20 feet of the black fish, still the sea being so rough, they could not strike them - After pulling around & about them for the space of an hour, the boats returned to the ship, where I had been during the whole manuever, having been chosen as Ship-keeper. We have 3 boats that we use in our ship viz - The Starboard Quarter, the Larboard Quarter & the Waste boat - The first is the 'Old Mans' boat, the 2nd the 1st Mate's & the last the 2nd Mate's - When near enough to the whale the ship is - these 3 boats are lowered - At the bow of each boat, stands the boat steerer, with his droms & coil rope & rugg - The officer steers the boat, while the men pull & when he is within 10 or 15 feet of the whale, gives the boat steerer the word, when he immediately lants his drom & makes fast - The

Changes positions with the officer, (the one going forward the other aft - It is then the business of the officer to kill the whale, which he does by striking him with a long sharp lance or with an iron called the spike - After the whale is killed, they tow him to the ship, where he is hooked on to & the blubber & bone taken from him - Wednesday August 20th - For sometime since I have written & the season over, the cruel hard work lifts me no time or when I had time I was too much fatigued - The weather has been all that we could wish, pleasant fair, agreeable - We see a number of sail every day - Last Sunday a strange sail rose in sight & as she came nearer to us, we made her out a fore-top sail schooner sailing two points free & making dead end for us - She was perfectly black & moved through the water like a thing of life - The captain with his mouth full of air, conjecturing what she was spy glass in hand - I thought for a moment she was a pirate for her actions were so strange & as she showed no colors, I thought some of the crew - However she fell astern & then tried to weather us - We immediately ran up the main royal & the captain sending me to the sheet, we had it, a right on chase, she kept within a quarter of a mile of us for two or three hours but could gain none - The captain convinced that he had shown the gentleman that he could beat him, chred up his main-sail & luffed down on him & shook him - She moved to the "Paris from London bound for the Cape of Good Hope - Shortly after she weathered us & left us behind - Yesterday we were on a good wind on our wh' Pallant said - I am learning to swim fast, in fact I am quite a dab at it - About six bells in the forenoon, a fine salt breeze bore

in sight, we did not speak her, but exchanged
 color & gave her our Longitude - This night, the 20th
 of August we cross the line - There will be high
 times on board as old Neptune will visit us -
 The fish in thousands are constantly flying from
 the way of the ship & sperm whale birds are
 floating on the gentle breeze -

Sunday August 22nd -

Old Neptune did come on board the night we
 crossed the line - The manner of proceedings ^{on} that
 eventful night was as follows - The evening was
 spent in astrophysics on the part of the Green-
 horns & preparation on the part of the Experienced
 hands - After a time, I was requested to go be-
 low, which I did, most & finally all the
 Greenhorns following me - The fore-castle was a
 scene of confusion - Some playing cards & some
 others trying to form themselves into a body to re-
 sist the examination of Old Nept & others plotting
 means of escape by cowardly flight - At about
 7 o'clock, I was the first one called & was led out
 of the fore-castle - As soon as I was out, the doors
 of the said fore-castle were immediately closed
 upon my sympathizing brothers & I was permitted
 to see the God of the wave - He was a little
 old man, with a iron head, draped fantastically holding
 in his right hand his speaking trumpet & in the
 other his Staff of Office - He walked up to me
 followed by his followers & addressed me cordially -
 He wished to know how long I had been out & after
 telling him & answering yes, to whether I knew the
 reason, he proceeded with his examination - Suffice
 it to say, I passed his examination & was placed
 on his right - But others were not so lucky - Some
 for their excessive ignorance were thrown headlong
 into a large tub of water prepared for the occasion &

others for stuffing are shared with bar & lusk. Those who had rum were compelled to get & amuse drinking & the laughs & jokes of both officers & crew. Old Neptune finally took his leave, feeling satisfied with his brief & usual pastime. From that time up to this present date, nothing has occurred worth recording - The sea has been rather rugged & some number of birds as large as a Goose called Gannets have hovered around about the ship. - Have as yet seen neither right or an sperm whale - In about 2 weeks more, we will be on Tuslam Whale Sound - Yesterday made a bargain with Valentine Killet (a colored man) that he should do my washing, mending & darning during the whole voyage for 17 dollars -

Thursday August 26th -

Fair wind & fair weather - Have been engaged all the morning in eating potatoes - I shut up in a bin with potatoes half eaten & bugs of several descriptions is not by far the pleasantest pursuit in this world - We have seen several fin-back whale since last I wrote, but as they gave no oil, we let them pass unmolested - Cod-fish & potatoes still for breakfast - Duff & salt-lunk for dinner & Codfish hash for supper - We have coffee for tea but such coffee & such tea, Oh ask me not - To speak of intimates on board the ship, I have two, by name Longworth & Grant - They are boat steers - The former is 30 years & the latter 22 years old - Longworth is a man of some education, a practical sailor, a man of sensibility & discernment - During the day & night watches, I am constantly gammoning with him, always excepting the time I am at the wheel or on the lookout - He was a silver smith in Haranna originally - Did well there but being of a roving mind, came to the States & after living there some time came upon the deck, where he

has lived ever since - He is the only man on board the ship, whose feelings are congenial with mine, in fact he is one of Walter's nobleman, modest, dignified, pleasant & agreeable - Grant was born in the State of Maine. He was an overseer in one of the large factories there, but having too frequent liaisons with one of his female operatives, thought it politic to leave & finally came here to sea - He is a very handsome, strong, good sailor - Is very ambitious & will with Longworth probably be one of the mates next voyage - He & I are good, in fact the very best of friends & with those men about me, I can exclaim, who on board of the Illinois shall dare to be against me -

Being thrown among such different kinds of character as I am in the Cofre - castle, it is natural that there should be an grip feelings & desperate fights - I have several times thus far been nearly engaged & have only saved myself & things from abuse by showing & acting, decisively & fearlessly - This afternoon, a few minutes ago, a fight came off, which ended in black eyes & one throat - The crew are this moment talking about it in knots. I'm belt have just struck, & have two knees too slick before my watch again, so I will turn in -

^{Being the anniversary of the capture of the ship}
I am now out, among the old of which I have seen a great many
I am now, fair weather - Ship sailing at about 7 knots. We went the main topsail & mended her I mended another in her place - All hands called to do the above - The Mayellan clouds are now in sight - They are seen at night, are of a color white & look beautiful - This afternoon on my Masthead, spied a fin-back whale at about 2 miles on the weather bow - I am writing now in the Day Watch, seated on my chest - I have ^{just} read Father's letter of June 24th - Oh God! what feelings are mine? Conscience, Assurance

How small yet sure once, down these agonizing thoughts
That I have sinned in a manner unparalleled, I now
see with an alarming clear vision. Tears as I write
chase each other down my cheeks & I can exclaim
Father, Father Dear Father forgive me, for I know
now what I done - But why should I weep? Tears
seem none befitting boys, or men, still I weep -
I long for the time when I can again throw my
self at the feet of him, I have offended & tell
the sorrow I have felt for my past conduct &
show my reverence in my resolution hereafter
to live a better & a wiser man -

I am at this moment
about 5000 miles from home - The wind being fa-
vorable, we will be on Fairham whaling ground in
10 days - Then for the exciting time - After cruising
around there awhile, we will proceed to New Zealand.

Saturday August 28 -
Another week has rolled into the ocean of time
& still has God spared me. There is a grandeur
after the day work is done, in looking upon the
unfathomable wave - Sunset at sea, is I suppose
the grandest sight there can be. Off as the
horizon meets the blue wave, rests the tired sun,
gleaming in its golden sunlight. For miles the
rays of the horizon is lit up with his ruddy beams
& the clouds aside about it, float in any every
shape, resembling at times, the fairy land & at
other a panorama of mingled lights - Sitting upon
the lee rail & resting my back against the fore-
sprit I often enjoy these splendid sights I think
of the power of that God, who formed them so -

These ships crew is di-
vided into 2 watches. The starboard watch belonging
to the Captain & the Larboard watch to the 1st Mate.
One watch has to be on duty the half of the

times & the other watch the other half - There are five watches during the day - The first commences at 8 bells (from 8 clock in the morning) & runs till 7 bells (half past seven in the morning). The watch below is then called & they keep the deck till 12 o'clock M; They are then relieved & the relief watch keep deck till 4 o'clock. The other watch is now called & now commences the dog watch, they keep only 2 hours of length while the other watches are double the above. This watch is relieved at 2 bells (8 o'clock) & they hold till 8 bells, when the regular watches come again in order & they hold alternately all the night & all the day - So that in one night we have 2 hours on deck & the night of sleeping 8 hours - The mate always heads the Starboard watch. The captain & second ^{mate} command the Starboard watch. The Starboard watch as a general thing have the most to do - I am in that watch -

This day we were employed in splicing & whipping ropes & breaking in for different things. Every man belonging to the watch has to stand his two hours at the wheel in his regular turn & his two hours aloft at the Mast-head looking out for whale & his 2 hours on the look out at night - The wheels, lookouts & lookouts are not so pleasant as you may imagine. At 2 bells again in the afternoon & as I have got 2 watches on deck to night, I believe I shall turn in -

Sunday August 29th - 1843 -

A Sabbath day at sea - We have no service on board the ship - The day is in fact a day of rest the crew washing, some reading novels & others Bible - No work on the Sabbath - Watch & watch as usual aloft & lookouts as usual - If whale is seen on the Sabbath, the boats are lowered the same as

quick as they would be on any other day - it is a day
this for the sea - The sun is shining bright, still without
too much warmth - Our course is South & our Longitude
about 30 West. Lat' about 20 S. The nights now are
getting cold & drawers feel in no way uncomfortable.

Tuesday Sep 2nd -

What a scene & what confusion since last I wrote.
On the night of the 1st of this month, while we were
on the watch between 12 & 2 o'clock at night
a squall struck the ship hard a back, when
the rain began pouring down upon us like
a water spout & the wind blew & roared
amid the rigging like the suffering in-
valid. To those who speak of the grandeur
of the a storm at sea, be this amusing -
Our Mate saw the signs of the coming squall
& immediately commenced taking in sail -
Fork in fore, main & mizen top & Gallant
sails, the wind blowing a gale & the rain hat-
tering against the shroud & deck, with sin-
gular howl. Fork and furl'd the main, together
with the main Royal. Boaced the fore yard
about 100 times a minute - Dribled Reefed the fore
& main top sails & close reefed the mizen top
sail. The reef all hitched like the boys with, till
at times she had almost merged her sail be-
neath the angry sea. Still under the little
sail we gave her, she pushed along contending
against waves as high as her foreyard & frequently
shipping seas that would fill her heads. May
then the feelings of the sailor, sent aloft amidst
the howling storm to take in & reef these sails
when darkness intense is not even visible - That
night, it was so dark, that I could not see
the ratlines on which I climbed. When on the yard
close to each other in reefing, we could not hear

each other speak, In the moment the sound came from one mouth, was lured in the roar of winds & the boiling, hissing, & plunging of the whirling waves. For six hours did we work in this gale of wind & rain. Three times I went below & changed my clothes every time as soon as I had completed the change. The voice of the mate would war from the scullery of the watch below there. "Ai ai ai". Turn out every man there to reef topsails. When again we got aloft, descending first the signal, then the sea & finally hauling. However we got turned in at about six o'clock in the morning & left till 7 bells, when again we were called amid the cold rains & bleak winds, to do ^{our} service. The wind kept blowing & the sea rolling in heavy cones, till about six o'clock on the first of the month, when it gradually subsided & lulled to evening rest. The Rainbow then appeared extending from verge to verge of horizon, belting the heavens with its glittering girdle - What I mean by subsiding as to the wind was, that from blowing a gale, it had quieted down sufficient only to whistle a chuck. On my lookout last night I got severely soaked by the sea dashing over the bows.

This day the 2nd of the month, the sun is shining bright but not warm. The weather is getting cold. Our latitude now is about 24 South. The Haggitt is a sea bird about as large as a good sized duck. They are generally seen around whale grounds & in cold regions. There are numbers flying around about us. They are speckled & quite pretty birds. A party of much consequence done this day, have bending a new fire rock, the old one having parted in the storm. In writing my Sunday Log. I find

to mention that a large southern bottom whale & finback, moved along in the sea about six rods from the side of the ship. Was the first whale I had seen. These kind of whale afford the best oil, but the one is generally galled before the other sinks when dead -

At this moment, on a neighboring chest there goes a game of cards - of course accompanied by swearing & the like. Last night from the playing of cards, a fight came off, between the cook & another black man named Valentine. After a few pretty severe exchanged blows, it was settled by the parties shaking hands & mutually drinking each other healths.

Thursday Sept 4th 1845 -

As my time is occupied constantly, it is in fact impossible, that I should write every day. I run back the days past, remembering well the incidents of each day & indite them as they occur to my mind. Yesterday was a pleasant day, though the wind did blow somewhat cold. The sea was still rough & as on such days, little work is done, no one found much to complain of the day. In the morning, I stood on my aloft or look out for whale with my friend Longworth. We sat upon the fore top gallant yard, singing songs, telling yarns & thinking of home, its pleasures, its enjoyments. The two hours passed quickly. What 2 hours do not, when dwelling on the home of boyhood's days. At the calling of our watch at 8 bells in the afternoon a Jockey Jack named Marlin came out for me, telling me, to hurry on deck, to see the whales. With Frowns half on, I rushed on deck & there on the lee side of the ship, were six large finback whales.

blowing & raising their mighty backs above water, moved along lazily yet gracefully - These whales followed the ship for some hours steady, blowing all around us & frequently getting so near, that brick bats thrown from the vessel at them would some times pass over them - Was a strange sight to see these monsters of the deep, say fifty feet long, raising their huge snouts above water & taking in through their nostrils a fresh supply of air - As these whales were not the kind we wanted we let them pass unmolested - On day watch of yesterday had a fine game of cards in which I was thoroughly beaten, reducing my self esteem considerably - Last night hoisted the wh. Gallant sails so that at this I believe in the morning of the 2nd, we are making from five to six knots. This Thursday opens fair air truly fair - Our watch engaged in breaking in for flem & Dork - The mate said, that we could discontinue Cod fish for breakfast for a time & in lieu thereof eat Pork - Welcome news that for the docks - Right ahead, see now the Rain bow, mingled yellow, green & red rays of light, resting upon the horizon & looking like Heavens smile upon us - As the day grows older, it fades & wafts itself away. I have just been fishing for flaglets. You fish with Pork. They blaid around my hook a long time, but the vessel went too fast for them - So I caught none - Most of the watch are asleep & the fore castle that general bell is now as quiet as the tomb - Having nothing else to do, I too will join my ship mates in dreaming of the light of other days -

It is now near 5 o'clock in the afternoon & here I am having just come below & having just finished tarring the fore-rigging. It is not such an unpleasant duty this

tarring. It is accompanied with considerable
daring + of course excitement. Every thing goes on
pleasantly in the ship & all are momentarily
happy - Broke out for water in the afternoon - The
crew are removing water from the hold, stand in
a line & pass the water through the buckets to the
scuttle - But. Forward 12 o'clock at night. Met with sev-
eral slight squalls -

Saturday Sept. 6th 1843 -

The ushings in of this day was not fair - The
Heavens were speckled with scattering clouds, while amid
these dark banders, shone out ever & anon, the stars,
reminding us of life, sometimes bright & cheering, at others
wrapt in the clouds of despair - At 4 bells in the morn-
ing, we commenced drawing water & scrubbing decks, a wet
& disagreeable duty - At 7 bells beat down to breakfast
for which we had, Potatoe Stew, hard bread & bad Coffee.

Behind me as I write goes on a laughable
job - Valentine the colored man, having the head
of one of our crew - in the space of five minutes he
is metamorphosed from a boy of 17 to an old man
of Eighty - Hard blows quite fresh & bear the proportion
of foul weather at this 4 bells in the morning
watch - Another week has glided past & is registered in
the book of time - another is begun & its flight will sum-
mon many to the Judgment - Do we ever think of this?
All crews of seamen I believe are hardened sinners, but
this one thing about the Glimor strikes me as strange -
There is even among those who apparently are lost
to virtue here a reverence for God & his day - To hear a
light, a cheerful song on the Sabbath, would be strange in-
deed, although here without the associations which
those on shore possess - At 4 bells in morning watch below, I will
have men - In the afternoon of this day broke out for water
& at evening, the cry from aloft, "there she blows" gave pretty
conclusive I did that whale was in sight - Upon examination

however, it appeared to be a Fin back Whale, this being the 100. thousandth or more, we have seen.

Sunday Sept 7th 1845

Day opens clear & bright - The sun shining with a gentle harbor & the wind gently blowing, makes it in fact, a pleasant Sabbath. Hands engaged as usual in washing & the like, the same as former Sabbath -

Thursday Sept 11th 1845

Last Monday afternoon, the weather began to change materially - High winds to blow from the South. Cold - On the afternoon of Monday while on my lookout for Whales, I shot a Shark, hapling at the ship - Was the first one I had ever seen & I could not be at all dissatisfied were it the last - Also saw a large number of porpoises & struck at them, but missed them - On Tuesday, the 9th - The wind fresh & strong, forcing the sea from its temporary stillness & coming down with strange velocity - Saw Fin back Whales, but as these have got so common, we seldom notice them - Afternoon watch crew engaged in setting up the main rigging. Wednesday opened cloudy with high cold winds - Ice budding spring on the shore we are, but who named thinks it. Ice cold & heavy. The sun shines but dimly here & as the cold chafes the on our brows & nips us, it makes us think of the fire-side of home - In the afternoon the wind increases & at evening becomes a gale - Mizen & Main Gallant sail furl'd & top sail reefed - Top Gallant sails taking in. The sea rolled in towering waves & heaved the vessel when its surface looks a plaything -

This day the winds & sea have moderated somewhat - Some of the crew this morning fished for birds & caught a number of Speckled Haskitts which we had for dinner - Ice very cold - Gulls, molly moats, speckled & white red Haskitts, Red

horses & right whale finds around the vessel
in large numbers -

Saturday Sept 13th 1845 -

Oh at a scene have we lived through since last
I wrote - none know, none can know the perils
of the deck, till they have roamed on its troubled
bosom - all one hour, the sun shining resplen-
dent with her beauties, in the next returning
to her cloudy veil, seems signal for bright days
or gloomy mournful moments - Such was the case
on Thursday afternoon; for a time bright & brilliant
then commenced the pitiful winds, their boisterous
gambol; lashed well the waves & from a peaceful
level formed her surface into waves as high as
one of our yard - All hands were called & then
commenced the reefing of topsails & furling of
top. Gallant sails - I would that I could
accurately describe the perils the seamen en-
counter in a heavy gale of wind like this one
saw - Away aloft on the top Gallant yard
arm, when the wind blows so hard, that 2 men
elbow meeting elbow cannot hear each other
speak, furling the sail, clutching with both
hands the canvas & regardless of danger, haul-
ing her tinn as if their backs were supported
by a wall of iron when instead thereof, their
only support is a foot rope; about as thick
as your thumb, is not even the slightest illus-
tration - The hull was lashed; the masts in
the compass thrown from its pivot & broken; the
fine stern or split in the middle with the noise
like a cannon war & the binnacle truly almost
rooted from its fixtures - The men were all
gathered in the round house, while the
rain in torrents came pouring down, desiring
to have her share in the scene - Yesterday

afternoon the weather moderated somewhat -
 around our vessels off thousands & thousands of
 speckled Harems (called by sailors Cape Horn Pi-
 gems) Stinkers, Slugs, Gulls & Right Whale birds.
 The mate shot six or eight Harems; they are
 not the best of eating - We are "laying to" at this
 & bell, afternoon watch - While writing the deck
 of the captains gun summons me on deck six
 or nine so -

One amusing & laughable scene occurred
 last evening worthy of mentioning. The vessel pitched
 most furiously - The white-capped waves rolled
 over & under our ship, carrying with them
 every thing on water - It was about 5 o'clock in the
 afternoon, that we all liked down to supper -
 The cook had made us some good hash & as
 all were hungry, 'twas amusing to see the hash
 ran on by greedy applicants, getting their
 respective shares - A sailor named Bill Paddy
 had got his ham well filled & he & his messmate
 were about eating the same hash, when Paddy
 rose in order to change his seat, to get a better
 chance at the dish, when the vessel rolled
 & pitched him, with his hinder parts directly
 into the hash, when jumping up, thinking it
 rather a warm seat, a pot of hot tea from
 a locker above fell & striking him, emptied
 its contents full in his face - The fire-castle
 was one continual shout of laughter & Paddy
 enjoying the joke as well as he might, damned
 the Tea & hash & rushed on deck -

Sunday April 14th 1845 -

The day was ushered in with little or no wind & rather
 mild - Made all sail in morning watch & tickled gaily
 over the sea - No work done this Sabbath - In the after-
 noon, a Humpback whale lapped the ship & gave us

a fair sight at him - all this while in the afternoon watch, the wind begins to freshen & the weather to look foul - We may have another gale this night - The Albatross in numbers amounting to six are flying around & about us looking like gulls around their prey - This day has been a tedious one - little run & no run -

Monday Sept 13th 1845 -

I was not mistaken in my expectation of a gale. At 4 bells in the evening on which the wind freshened & then commenced the heaviest gale of wind we have had as yet - All hands were immediately called & then even in that awful gale of wind, when God's voice was heard plainly on the troubled deep, commenced the strife between the two watches, which should furl & reef their respective sails in the shortest time - It is astonishing with what alacrity men bound into the rigging at the word of command & furl & reef those heavy & wet sails, fluttering & clapping powerfully in the wind. After the sails were furled & reefed, we commenced standing quarter watches - This enables us to have six hours below & only two on deck - All night the ship pitched heavily, at times submerging her rail under the white capped waves whilst the winds roared in their fury, lashing the sea with her fury & blowing the spray at times in wreaths above the surface - In the morning following, wind lulls & during the day the sail bears -

Wednesday Sept 17th 1845 -

We are now in Lat 38 South - Look out as morning breaks after a gloomy & wet night, this land & sings out. It is Tristan d'Acunha at a distance of 18 miles - Its high head is lost in the heavens & seems the chimney of the pilgrim to the heavenly land - As we near it the ship has a sight both broad & novel - The

Sun rising near & shinning its pure golden light around about her, displays the barren or at least rugged & rocky bound coast of Tristan D'Alcama. Set the eye level with the wave & rising reach ym heaven, still see ym Tristan, with her snow capped tops commanding beauty & sublimity in her elevation. At a distance of 38 miles to the Eastward, rises again in gigantic form, Island Inaccessible & well does she deserve her name - An Island 40 miles long & appearing no doubt she is a solid rock. Her front is over 8000 feet high & seems nature's own handiwork in the art of security both ym water war & elemental conflict - This Island is not inhabited but is said that Wild Goats in plenty may be found - At a distance again of about 25 miles to the Eastward of Island Inaccessible, rises again in similar shape, Island Lightly, not so large as the other two, but equally conspicuous & to be seen. In the afternoon, the captain cleared sailing & calling all hands & morning 2 boats, went fishing on the coast of Inaccessible - They were gone about 2 hours & caught about 25 bushels of fish & the best of fish - As soon as they came on board again we made sail & is at this moment steering east, expecting to double the Cape of Good Hope in about 2 weeks.

Monday Sept 18th -

Day opens fair, the ship Gallant back stay has parted & our watch engaged in repairing it - Saw sail standing to the leeward of us - This is the first sail we have seen since last I wrote & its appearance as you may well suppose was very acceptable.

While we were at Birtan, the space between
the Islands was literally covered with Right
Whale birds, millions in number - The hands
brought with them from Island inaccessibly, some
Galtson of Kelp, a vine peculiar to these Islands,
filled with little Globules & very pretty - The Island
of Birtan was settled if I may so call it, by Gr-
Glap an Englishman who ran away from his
country in debt on his country's sword & struck up
this Islands as his future home - Through his in-
strumentality the Island has gained the inhab-
itants it now has - Brothers & sisters intermarry &
also Father & Daughter too they have as their
census now about 80 families - Some of the land
is sown in it they raise Potatoes & vegetables
generally, having plenty of milk from the goats
they have caught & tamed & the cows they keep -

Friday Sept 19th 1845 -

Day dawns bright & clear - Have looked over the
Whale ground & have seen no whale - Birtan
was formerly the best whale ground there ever -
We are sailing rapidly to the East, breeze fair
& weather between squally & pleasant - Have
been engaged all day in setting up the fore-
top-mast back stay & have just finished -

Wednesday Sept 28rd 1845

For some time since I wrote & my reason, sickness
& circumstances. Was last Saturday night between
12 & 1 o'clock (my watch on deck) that I was taken
with cholera - All Sunday it kept me in my
bunk, till policy compelled me to go to the
Captain & get medicine which I did - Its
operation upon me was followed by happy result
& on the day following was able again to do
duty - In the afternoon of the Sabbath, a Bra-
zilian, the King by name one of the friend hands

caught a gony & killed the bird safely & alive
 on deck. The Albatross or Gony is an aquatic
 fowl & of large size. The one King caught meas-
 ured from tip to tip of wing 11 feet. Bill was as
 large as your hand & body in proportional size -
 To take them from the water & place them on deck
 renders them perfectly imbecile; they cannot even
 stand up, so weak are they in their legs. They
 are particularly savage & when played with
 like a lion. The Gony as you may well suppose
 gave us amusement for the afternoon - After looking
 him all over & satisfying our curiosity respecting
 his peculiarities, Joe King hung him up on a halibut
 skin & with his sheath knife, ended said Gony's
 torments by cutting his throat. He then skinned
 & butchered him & taking the edible part from the
 carcass, sent the remains of Gony, on the boarding
 duck, where a few moments ago, he sailed & swam
 if I may so speak, with the purity of motion - As if in
 anger at the breaking of his day, the Almighty shook
 with furious winds, his awful voice & the elements obe-
 dient to divine pleasure played in mad fracture on
 about, around us. Squalls were raised & sails taken
 in, but toward morning the gale ceased & the rising
 sun beamed on the main as if laughing at our
 fears. Nothing at sea are not only interesting but
 beautiful - Sunrise & sunset at sea - The golden
 light like a halo around her, illumining for miles the
 horizon & faintly in sublime brilliancy her place of
 rest; the gentle but sweet atmosphere ^{and which} she rises as if
 from out the sea, displaying new beauties rare & grand
 are but faint ideas of Ocean Sunrise - Its
 sinking to every vessel more lovely still, with novel sound
 & beautiful sight. I have heretofore described but faintly
 Monday was a day of little importance
 to my Journal as nothing occurred worthy of recording -

Sunday Aug 22ⁿ - The wind has gone & a perfect calm rest upon the now quiet sea - at a while on the wave - The Albatross & the Haggitt fly around us in playful sport & sailing with the calm, rest in flocks upon the sea, anxiously watching & waiting for an opportunity in their way - In the afternoon two light whale porpoises came along around our bows, when our Captain standing by the mainmast, darted at them with his rig, & one at a time, struck one - The fluke was immediately applied to him & he came on again around the cheer of the crew - This kind of Porpoise differs from the Spum Whale Porpoise in size & in beauty - The former larger & more beautiful - His skin black on top & white the fine white beneath - He measured about four or half foot & weighed about 3 or 4 pounds. In less than five minutes he was skinned & ready for cooking - This day Wednesday, we had Porpoise hash & Porpoise sea pie; they were both delicious - It is a perfect calm, there is but little doing -

In the Dog Watch on Deck the crew formed themselves into parties & commenced dancing the French Fun & ended in one never to be forgotten for a while - The Captain & the officers sat upon the rail encouraging us & finally the old man called us to the waste & he in person, superintended the fun - The second mate himself joined with the crew & such laughing, fun & sport, was seldom or ever seen - The Amusement continued till 8 bells when the watch went below & the other entered upon their duties - In writing Tuesday incidents, I forgot to mention, that a fight came off in the fore castle between the Cook & my chum - I received from the Cook, evident desire to rule the fore castle & was subdued

by Doyle - Doyle however got the worst of the fight, but in fighting gained the good will of the whole crew - The cook in doing, lost the feeling of the afraid men in his behalf, which I suppose will follow him during the voyage - Will not answer for one man to dictate to American feeling men, what they should do & what they must do - He must sooner or later suffer for his conceit - Another insult like this one was offered to either watch, must meet with its merited reward -

Thursday Sept 24th 1845 -

We are still becalmed - The sea, the boundless main seems like a level plain - The sea is calm & so are we calmly enjoying this fair, but unexpected weather - Another Gong was struck this morning by Martin - The watch engaged in sitting on the rug - In the evening, again came off the dances, all hands engaged - These dances are very amusing & they present a novel sight - To see seamen, heavy laden & clumsy, driving away dull care by this innocent pastime, is pleasing - The night was clear & pleasant - The stars in number thousands, spangling the heavens & emitting their clear, crystal light over the lonely sea - About 5 o'clock in the morning the moon rose with splendour & made darkness light, with shining beauty - At the same time, the wind again met us & with her help we now labor under stress & strain -

Friday Sept 25th 1845 -

The day opens bright & clear - Faintest whales all around us & little or nothing doing - The captain with the mates engaged all day in shooting at a mark with a

first - myself & Longworth being sitting up
front - We are near the Cape of Good Hope &
when I look upon the Mah & mark the im-
mense distance that I am away from home,
its pleasures, its happiness, I tremble - But
God's ways are not our ways, if it seemeth right
to him, he will return the sailor to his na-
tive land, his home - One Ruy has been making
a curious kind of bow, with which the Bozillies
shoot doves - It is an admirable affair - With it
he shoots with the precision of a rifle - He has
promised to make me one, I will expect it &
bring same home with me -

Sunday Sept 27th 1855
Again we enter upon another Sabbath, beautiful
clear & bright, like the dying hope of the Redeemed
in Christ - Sun with general glow casting upon
us his warm rays & smiling at her twin sister Earth.
The winds, nature's band playing a peaceful air &
rippling the wave not in madness, but in mirth.
Surrounded as we are by whalers
of the Finback order, listening to their novel music
as they blow, together with the scene above described,
makes Gid's day, but a revelation of his great his
mighty power - Yesterday the hands were engaged in
breaking out for Sugar & when work hours were finished
& play time commenced, the fiddle summoned the
dancers on Deck & there Jamaican, Scotch & Native
reels were danced with sack power & grace -
Toward evening a whale appeared within 13 fathoms of the
ship - The second mate ash for his gun, but when
ready to shoot his fishing net went down & came up a
mile from the ship, a long distance beyond the power
of gun to carry - This (Sunday) morning one of the
fowls belonging to the ship flew overboard, the lar-
board quarter boat was immediately lowered & the

truant Ben soon safely stowed from whence she came. There are no sails in sight at this moment standing out us - do they more of importance as yet -

Thursday Sept 29th 1845 -

Our days have passed since last I wrote & the weather from a perfect calm, has changed & the fair breeze blow, making us spin upon the ocean, like a thing of life. Three sail in sight standing with us - One, a big this morning heared us & I was able to count her sails, they were twenty three in number & she dumped the green & orange from its hilly surface, with the elasticity & energy of water own inhabitants - It is a beautiful sight, to make on either side of our ship, repels crowding all sail, laboring free on the wind, striving each to outrun the other. We have but nine sails set, still does she have Illinois time them well & sustain her usual reputation - Whales blow around & about us, but they are firebacks.

Nothing doing on deck, happy times these for sailors. Dances every night & every amusement that men can hope off Cape of Good Hope, far away from home in a vessel, is allowed them -

Thursday Oct 2nd 1845 -

Three months have we passed on the blue wave, with the sky above & the sea beneath, with naught of human form present to our sight, save those of each other as we meet in the stern task of duty. Yet three months have rolled into the ocean of time since first we sailed. Months sometimes of peace & happiness at other times. Months of storm & disharmony. Sailors, then, have heard thy name, three months - Death laughs, while he scorns, time flies & with

it life - Three months & what have you done in
these months - Have you improved the mind or
eased the soul in them - Have you striven
to advance yourself in the profession you have
adopted? Has your aim been to excel & have
you, looking calmly into your conscience done
it? Or have you let them slide heedlessly to
unmindful of those choice moments, that must
be registered in the book of time past -
I feel you are & your life hopefully will gladden
by like these three months quick passing & may
it be known by you - We thank thee then our
Father, that thou has spared us though so
many dangers & hast kept us in the enjoyment
of health & happiness - Continue then your Father's
Father all mine & we will render to thy name
the praise & the glory forever - x x x

Our Linn is still bounding over
the sea distancing the sails that were near
us - Whales blowing all around us, but they
are not of the right kind - Crew engaged in
mending the 2 Sallant sail - Every thing
happens on in the usual way - Not much
work but rather easy times - I'm now the
Second Mate & go. He will make the Cape of
Good Hope - The weather is like budding
spring at home, or Genoa are the suns rays
& so pleasant seems nature -

Saturday Oct 4th 1845 -
This is a pleasant day, such a day as would please
all, from the bounding vigorous youth to the wretched infirm.
The sun is shining warm & spring so beautiful at
home is doubly pleasant here - For time, the merry
notes of the Lark & Nightingale greet us on it,
but the sea, bound in its vastness swirls around &
about us playing its boisterous wave & swell - Yesterday

afternoon in Dry Patch, 3 Fin back whale
 hump came playing around the bow of the vessel
 when for the third or fourth time, our Eagle Eyed
 Captain struck one with his gun & having attached
 the fluke rope to him, hauled him in - The
 hump resembles in fact the fac simile of
 the whale whose name it bears - The difference
 between this & the other kind is in the fin which
 this one has & carries on its back - About the
 same time we were catching said P. hump, we
 were doubling the cake -

I am then well & am broad
 Atlantic with the sometimes fair & sometimes stormy
 smile. Poor last, his time been kind to us, permitting
 us for three long months to rest upon the storm,
 bearing with disturbed emotion - For I must
 have, but at last, let me assure you, that we
 feel sad, then happy as it were become an home -
 By & by, we will again revisit thee & command one
 thy grandeur, with thy twin sister the Fanny both
 the Great Pacific & the Green Indian sea -

We are now in the Indian Ocean
 the waters of which seen as the emerald sparkle
 with phosphorescent lustre in the mild moonlight -
 Our course near East; we are passing by New Zealand -
 Nothing more of importance - The weather most beau-
 tiful - In fact in America in its happy sunny May day
 I never knew such charming such delightful days - No strange
 night whale & hump as yet seen

Wednesday Oct 8th 1845 -

Since last I wrote our Indian Ocean signal
 sprung up, which has even now troubling
 us - It was not very heavy, but sufficiently
 so, to make a necessity of Reefing topsails
 & furling of the Gallant sails - Nothing else
 occurred worthy of recording, save a school

of Whale Killers, which haped the ship on
Monday Morning Past. The gun on the back of
these killers; averaged from 8 to nine feet
in length & width in proportion. Last night
I went on deck among the watch & determining to
spend a few moments in meditation took
from my pocket my tobacco & pipe. As it
would happen my tobacco was very fine & the
wind was blowing fresh & clear. At the same
time one of the forward hands, Hall by name
a singular & eccentric fellow, was walking
aft, when my tobacco obeyed the force of the
wind & filled both his eyes. The poor fellow
in pain caused his hand to his comfounded
eyes in the greatest vehemence & his nails being
long, he skinned his nose. Biting with
bain & rage, poor Hall fell against the
rail & such an exemplification of matched
up. I seldom interrupted. The whole watch
& are repeated peals of laughter & the old
man himself roared with right good humor.
This afternoon Doc. King has been giving my
mess mates & myself an account of his life -
& will write it shortly. It is interesting -

Friday Oct 16th 1845.

We have had quite a gale of wind since last
I wrote; so much so that we were compelled to
lay to & stand quarter masts. Yesterday 2 whale
ships haped on stern, but not in speaking distance.
This morning (Friday) all hands were called to
make sail. Lookint aloft raised sail standing
for us. We closed up the fore & main sail, hauled
back the main yard & hoisted for her. We spoke
her - She proved to be the Smith Carolina from
New London, Captain Montrey, had been out as long
as we had & although she had at one time been

timed to a sperm whale & had seen many
 right whale on Fustam, still she had
 secured none. At this moment the vessel
 was about 1 mile on the Starboard Tack
 & her Captain with his boat crew are
 jamming with our Captain & his crew upon
 our decks. His men are Portuguese, Irish
 & Black, showing a vast difference from our
 crew in action in appearance & in intelli-
 gence. He are now on the Dutch beam, &
 another whale found - at whale as yet seen.
 The men are constantly catching smugs &
 Haglets. I dispensed my pipe with my former
 comrades this morning. Men being confined to-
 gether in a narrow compass for a long length
 of time will differ sometimes & especially where
 food is concerned. This was our case & I saw
 a repetition of unmeaning remarks, & individually
 withdrew one name from the partnership formed
 for eating. Cutting blocks were raised this
 morning. They are used when hoisting large pieces
 of blubber.

Thursday 12th Oct. 1845 -

We have just passed through a storm & a heavy
 gale of wind & in a place notorious for disasters
 & those of the most grim & melancholy nature.
 It was around or about or in this place that the
 unfortunate Rely was wrecked & encountered those
 misfortunes, which his narrative faintly shows.
 It was here that about a year ago, a whale ship from
 Sag. Port. lost her mast & was crippled that she
 was compelled to seek the nearest port in her
 distress. Saturday passed pleasantly enough & the
 sun out the Sabbath, clad in her erectest robes.
 Fair was the weather during the day, but at
 night the breeze freshened & at morning blew

a gale of wind from S.W. - all hands
were called & all sail taken in - There is a
grandeur, a beauty in a storm at sea - The
heavy waves rolling ditually mountain high &
chasing each other as they break & dissipate in
the nothingness - Thin tops while with foam
curling & shooting up in cones beautiful in their
form - The wind moaning & whistling through the
ships rigging playing gambol around & with
the ship - These mountain waves rolling the
heavy vessel like a corkscrew upon her
side & then raising her with her gigantic power
with the ease & grace of a god - For miles & miles
around, the sea in agitation & not a thing of life
in sight, but the Albatross & Gull chattering
in these their stormy elements - I have shrank
of the extremity of the spectacle - Its effects
are particularly disagreeable & unpleasant -
The sea heaving over the ship & deluging me
with its cold disagreeable spray - The wind
blowing sharp & cold, the decks wet & slippery &
in these seasons to work & work amid danger
of wind & wave.

At these times however, there
is much sport in the fore-castle - My chest dur-
ing this gale was loosened from its fastenings &
went rolling round the deck, ever & anon, hitting
me a smart or a rain of drawers. Among the
very laughable scenes that have occurred, I
will mention two - Martin (one of the Grand Randy
had been nearly all the afternoon baking beans
& had finally made a nice heap of Beans & Pork.
He came running down the fore-castle steps
with said beans, showing delight in his coun-
tenance, when the ship rolled & sent him leaping
board & all scudding over the fore-castle - The

hears scattering flew on the new shirt of a canoe
 Portuguese, by name Joe Fretos & besmeared the
 chest of Bill Goble - After a time Martin secured
 himself to the Bitts & was finally able to pick
 up his paddle with his P. R. - With a triumphant
 countenance he placed the P. R. on his shelf
 & was making to his bunk, when the P. R.
 was again thrown from the deck & went
 clanging around much to the laughter of the
 crew & the anger of Martin - Doby also in
 another scene pitched with a pot of water
 against the fore-castle & with every roll of the
 ship sand made either to leeward or to
 windward - The sale has now subsided &
 we are sailing now under top Gallant
 sails -

Sunday Oct 19th 1845

We are now in seemingly pleasant weather
 the winds for a time having ceased blowing
 with their might & the waves rolling with
 their power - At night, the moon shines
 bright & clear & Beck's watch over the Indian
 sea, yet even & on her glory is hidden by
 the dark clouds which rise with their storm
 & shade the green of night - We are now
 in latitude 37 S. Long. 60 East, still having
 mild weather, resembling our spring at home,
 smiles & tears - Yesterday evening our second
 male shark & sharkers & our captain, one
 of which a female when opened gave birth to
 a litter & which about a foot long alive &
 we don't within a few days of being born -
 During the dog watch, the hands were engaged
 in stripping the hides of their clutcher &
 meat & cleaning the deck of their filth.
 Time now begins to lap quickly

Laddy this in the sails, for he knows that in time
he must be home - So you ask me to write my feelings
Here then they are written from the heart without
affectation without concealment. I can say I think
I say with truth, that of you, I would not have
changed my situation as a sailor before the mast
on the good ship Ellen is encountering dangers
every day, liable to toil & hardship, for home
its society, its pleasure, its comfort. And the reason
is, that here every day, I am confident of learning
something & moreover a great thing, that of self-
denial - Henceforward our philosophy must teach
me, that man is a slave to habits; his virtues
for here on board this ship, my life has been
completely revolutionized, coming as I have done
to shake figuratively from a band of plenty
to one of want - My desires have completely
changed - My wants are fewer & I have com-
menced an insight into life, learning the
world as it is in the small compass of the
cruiser - Let folly then rule the life as
it did once in me, but believe me that
a sea voyage is a tamer of all wild fancies,
a place for thought, a time for reflection -
Enemy of reflection, is near my
watch on deck

Saturday Oct 23/45 -
We are in Latitude about 33 South & Lon-
60 East & within a days sail of St Pauls Island.
The weather is favorable, but few clouds to
cast their storm over our sunny sphere - St
Pauls Island is known or rather was known
once as a great whale ground - Was here whale
ships filled up in a season & returned from
whence they came burdened with oil - But
that time has past, for ever, & now we

Take in sail & lay to, expecting or at least hoping
that the morning sun will reveal to us either
a light whale - as yet we have seen
none, but around us blow in numbers finbacks
& Sulphur bottoms, but these as I have said be-
fore are not the sort - We also stand quarter
watch every night, Every thing here is done for
whale as we would have to do on the North West.
The day before yesterday, the fore top sail yard
arm fell, the tie barby given way & down it
came with a tremendous crash - The heavy yard
was broken in its arm & shattered through out.
Two of the hands had just left the yard when
it fell - Luckily for them from fellows. Conse-
quently the week has been engaged in setting
up a new yard & the like -

Can it be possible that we are
half way across the great Indian Ocean - that
we are distant from home miles almost in-
numerable, and who of this ships crew think
you realize it. Come - The ocean is the Atlas
home - On it he feels safe & rest with greater
pleasure in his board bed than the so-
litary on his flowing bed of ease - One week
more my lady & we will have journeyed on the
sea 4 months - Cheers for as each month passes
by, it seems it does imperceptibly draw us nearer
to our home, our commu-

Wednesday Oct 29th 1843 -

Tomas on the morning of the Past Sabbath, that
we made St Pauls Islands - St Pauls is
a long Island, of barren soil & an its infur-
tile ^{suffice} to say nothing of the living kind as
known, but Wild Hogs, Goats & Birds - Giving
an indefinite guess at its length, we would
say, 50 miles. The eye here meets no trees

with their verdant foliage - It is true even

common, the eye may meet, some few patches
of verdure, but these are like the oasis in
the desert, seldom seen - This place is known
as a great fishing place & it is here that wha-
ling ships cruising round this whale ground
put in & fish - It is a volcanic mountain &
in winter when the clouds float from the top
blazes forth a vivid flame. Two boats were low-
ered & sent to the island; they were gone about
2 hours & returned with many fish & better
fish of considerable size & excellent flavor -
While there the Master had a gam with the
boat crew of the Pleader a Massachusetts
Whaler on this whale ground cruising - After
the return of our boats we soon set sail
again & cleared as we steer now on our
course to New Zealand - On Sunday morning
also we lowered for black fish - The old
man was successful, he got one & when
tried out he made about a barrel & a half
of oil. On Monday Mr Captain jammed with
the Pleader - They had been out 5 months
& had as bad luck as we had, no whales
but 2 black fish. Their crew were composed
of 9 Portuguese & about 8 Americans & all of
them green - it is a crew that -

Saturday Oct. 1st 1845 -

Time is flying. Another month has rolled into
the ocean of time; another sun has risen & has
set & another day have we passed either a
happy or a fearful end - at calm rests upon the
Indian sea & around & about us is the blue be-
neath & the blue above - I have nothing to write
both writing as every day seems to resemble the
other, it is not in its disagreeable, still in its

duty - The King has made a Drum out of the
 Paunch of the Black fish & the sail is
 converted into the Drummer - In a monotonous
 life this sojournings were it not for the company
 of Dr. & three others whom I respect & am intimate
 with, time would hang heavy upon me & I should
 long to be at my home on my native soil - I of-
 ten dream of home & at times when the wind
 blows cold & the rain hammers against & around
 us, I think of my son & friends, of those I love
 of those who love me. But when again the
 sun shines bright & clear, when the wind
 gently floats over the main, I am calm within
 as it is calm without. There is little work for us
 to do. & to say that Whaling is a hard working life
 is so far as I have experienced a fiction -

Sunday Nov 2nd 1845

It is an pleasant day; which a ne as
 fiction writer pick out when describing the beauty
 of the ocean. The sun comes home high & comforting as
 it does its genial heat to every clime, forget us not, but
 gently warms us with her rays. A breeze just suffic-
 ient to fill the large sails & the ocean distended but
 by a ripple. The hawks & Albatross still our companions
 & still our prey as on this very day, Martin came for-
 ward bearing in his hand a sea sick hawk - Mar-
 tin I believe has a love for Natural curiosities. For
 he will sit for hours catching snags, moths & hawks
 for no other purpose in the world, than for their
 bills of which I believe he intends to fill his chest
 & speculate upon. Last evening, Dry Hatch & belly,
 we lowered away for Killers, but could not get
 near enough to them. I am on the Deck. Gallard
 of the castle leaning against the night heads as I
 write & have just finished my usual Sunday ablu-
 tions. I see from the Lee Quarter Room where

I am sitting a sail standing on us - Our Captain said yesterday that in about 2 months we should be at Sandwich Islands. Oh how I should like once more to tread on land, if I was just for a moment. But we don't think of that. The most of my enjoyment is in thought. I love to think of home & now that I am far from it & the persons who loved me, I feel a stronger attachment for them than I was wont to do. There is a pretty maid too constantly connected with my dreams. One with whom I have spent the choicest moments of my life. One to whom I told the tale of love & who answered the tale, by an admission of his reign in her heart. I often thought before I loved her, but now I know it. She is with me whenever I am disengaged from active duty & whenever my mind is gloomed with sorrow for my past sins, she will like a Guardian Angel console me with her love & point me to the path of right - Oh cease not to love me fair & true hearted girl & if God shares my life, you & I shall enjoy the bliss of meeting once again to separate -

Thursday Nov. 13th 1845.

Ten days or more have passed since last I wrote to you. The reason is that I am compelled now to burn my paper - Nothing occurred worth recording until last Sunday, when the wind began to blow ^{hard} & finally blew into the fiercest gale of wind that we have as yet been visited with - All sail was taken in & we lay to till Wednesday under fore & main block & close reefed main & fore sail. I never saw the sea so high as they were in this gale. They chased each other in mad confusion over the sea & foaming with their tops looked like moving Mountains. Even I am these seas would break over the decks with a noise resembling the falling of water over a cataract & sweep her decks well her mighty waves. On Wednesday morning the gale broke & at noon the sun peeped from behind her cloudy veil

I greeted us with smiles. We have made since then many miles & are at this the time of writing coasting along Stewart Island and expecting to catch Jan Diemans Land shortly. We are on another whale ground & one where reputation stands well. Fintbacks & Snipke bottoms blow around us but as yet no right whale. Impatience & hard luck this. We will run the whole length of Stewart Island & then steer for New Zealand.

Monday Nov 17th 1848 -

Still coasting along Stewart Island with alternate weather & winds; sometimes cold & sometimes warm & clear and. On Sunday & Saturday nothing occurred worth mentioning & so it is with the majority of our days; but yesterday (Sunday) was any day but a day of rest. The watch at work in the forenoon seeing new flocks of Gallant Gulls, like & bills when our old man clapping his hands together with undisguised pleasure, cried out, thank God, thank God, Right whale, Right whale - The whirring like electric fluid seemed to pervade the whole ship. As the boats were getting ready their boats, the men were running for & aft & every thing bespoke the excitement of the occasion - The Boats were covered as if by magic & away darted our old man & our 1st & 2^d officer after these whales - They chased them about an hour, when they returned to the ship, not a little tired - In the afternoon (the latter half of it) we again sighted 3 Right whale blowing ahead of us about a mile. The Boats covered & gave chase & were within about 20 feet of them at one time, but the sun going down, they thought best not to strike & returned to the ship. Took in sail & stood quarter watches during the night. Oh how tedious it is now here. Every thing is quiet & nothing to excite the body or

the mind. The other morning Hall of whom I have

spoken before having a grudge against the crew for beating
as he said his clothes out, struck the said crew in
advantage, when Cook immediately ordering ^{him} threw
him among the chests, much to the laughter of the
whole crew & the discomfiture of Poor Jack - This day
we are nearly becalmed. Gony are around the
islands in great numbers - Ice King, Carpenter & my-
self caught a dozen of them this morning, killed
them & sent them adrift - On Label we inscribed the
name of the ship, our names & the place we were &
the number of barrels of oil we got, which is none.

I am waiting anxiously to get on shore once more, where
I can rest my searied soul & body. Sandwich
Islands will be that Port.

Thursday Jan 9th 1845 -

Lots of News & much & more to record than time or
paper will permit. Tuesday morning opened bright
& clear, such the weather for whaling - The sun
was but too hot & cold, too high or too low, but just
right when looking from aloft I had sight of a
head, saw him "turn tail" & lunged out - The
boats were lowered & pulled as they were by men
whose head were above, rose & fell over the mild
wave with easy plunge & reared the whale -
Longworth (of whom I have spoken of & at length before)
an experienced boat steerer belung to the waste
boat, said boat being under the direction of the
2nd mate. It has been the exuberant wish of Long-
worth during the whole voyage (as he has often told
me in the night watches, when we exchanged mu-
tual confidences) that he might strike the first
whale, sure & solid - Well the boats reared the
whale, who was puffing, blowing & breaching perfectly
unconscious of the fate that awaited him -
When at proper distance from the whale, Longworth

rose in his boat & sent his iron line & solid into
 him. The suddenness & unexpectedness of the blow
 undoubtedly galleyed the whale, for he moved
 not for a moment - The opportunity was not lost
 by Longworth, for handling another iron, he sent
 it with good aim & made fast double - The
 whale then made off, dragging the boat along
 with him - The old man's crew then pulled him
 up, when with that singular distinctly peculiar
 particularly to Captain Jager, the old man
 lanced him twice, when the whale shooting blood
 thick & clotted, turned up dead - The first mate
 then came to the ship for a fluke rope & soon they
 adjusted & had him alongside - It need not for
 me to attempt to describe a whale as he really is -
 One has often seen pictures & models of whale, but
 they are nothing like the original - In fact
 it is the greatest curiosity one can behold -
 I shall not attempt to describe the minutiae
 of "cutting him in" - Suffice it to say, that
 the fins are first cut off & hoisted in by the
 windlass, then the skin a blanket is cut in blanket
 pieces by the shades & hoisted aboard & placed
 in the hatchway, then a man gets on the whale
 & cuts off his head & rib & they are also hauled
 aboard - This was all done when the head
 was on board it resembled, some regular thatched
 meggram - The bone being about six feet long &
 covered within with coarse hair, making a
 singular & grotesque appearance - During this
 the hard work (cutting on) the old man called
 us to splice the main brace, which we done
 with good will - The big ones were soon put
 in motion & horse pieces being well menced were
 thrown in the heated pots & soon produced oil
 Day butcher were commenced giving his house on

deck & six hours below. The work continued in one
blaze till this morning when we knicked off the
whale being tired out - He has made 71 barrels
of good oil & from six to eight hundred barrel
of bone. I ate some whale blubber this morning
tis not good. We are still cruising along the
coast of New Holland, taking in sail every
night, watching for Right Whale -

Sunday Apr 23. 1845 -

We have had a gale of wind since last night,
but this morning the gale broke & at this & till
afternoon watch are on the wind with top
Gallant sails set. We lowered yesterday morn-
ing for Right Whale, but the weather was so
rough we got none - Still we expect that
we will be able to obtain some hundred
barrels of oil here. I am getting tired of the
sea & who would not - Confined to this nar-
row compass with nothing new or interesting
is enough to make the heart grow sick
within itself. - All times we have hard work
& even that is a relief from the ennui of a
sea voyage - We are yet coasting, the weather
is not pleasant, the sun seldom smiles
upon us & I with the rest partake of the
general gloom - Quarter watches still stand-
ing night & day but no Right Whale that
can be made is made - We hardly know
now when Sunday comes around - All sea
tis like all other days & God here is not re-
verenced.

Saturday Apr. 29th 1845 -

Another work has happened a great deal of
incident, excitement & labor. Was on Sunday
morning in our watch below that we will
summoned on deck, there being a Right whale

in sight - The boats were lowered & our
 Captain soon made fast to him - Then the
 chief Mate pulled up to him & made fast &
 then the second Mate (Longworth. Boat Steerer)
 made fast & on rushed the mighty fish, many
 great Siliards dragging with him in his wake
 these three boats, a blazing to his power. On
 he sped & turned & doubled & turned & sped a-
 gain - Was of no avail, Whithersoever he went
 to the North or South, East or West, still held
 him Company the boats close on to his flanks.
 Our Captain lanced him & so did the Mates & it
 was a sight both grand & strange, to see the
 Monster, smothering under pain & rage, lashing
 the wave with his monstrous Tail & making
 it echo with his power - soon laying over on one
 side & then running his head clean out of
 water, resembling a small house built on top
 the sea & then running both fins some 20 feet
 above the surface of the sea & blowing right thick
 blood matter & air are but few of the sights
 that generally accompany the taking of Whales.
 However, Longworth's Son did the deed for it
 struck him in the life & soon turned him
 over - He was then brought to the ship, cut in
 & tried out. We have just finished with him -
 He has made 90 barrels of oil & 8 or 10 hundred of
 bone - Instead of skimming now the green Indian
 sea, he is safely stowed away in large casks
 on the wind tier in the main Hatch - The
 work attending taking of Whales & trying him out
 is very hard & particularly so, because we
 work in dense smoke - I am so altered in
 appearance, that I hardly know myself -
 It is amusing to see when the carcass of the
 whale is about to be cut so, the hundreds of

of birds, the Albatross, Mackerel & the like, that encircle the ship, feeding on his blubber & blood - These animals are our constant companions; they invariably follow a whale ship - Wednesday morning opened with a gale of wind & the weather all along has been bad. Foggy & rainy & the sea covered with a dense thick fog, regular whaling weather.

Yesterday morning, while I was shaking the ropes out of the Main top sail raised sail 2 points on the weather bow standing for us. In about 2 hours she made us & proved to be the schooner from Sag Harbor. Sailed about a month after we did - She had got on whale - An excitement jammed with her & now I have to record the most singular incident in the whole voyage - Captain Percival with his boat crew boarded us & as is usual we immediately took the fore and hands down on fore castle & commenced jamming - There was one fellow amongst them who drew my attention, in account of his manly beauty, activity & intelligence - Conversing with him he said he was from Albany, knew me & knew all the great families there & all the principal men - His name he gave me as Charles Wheeler - Getting more interested with him, he took me aside & tried me who he really was - He was "Sylvanus Spencer the youngest son of old Ambrose Spencer whom every body knows to have been, the much honored Chief Justice of the State of New York - He told me his history which is one I will never forget but cannot write here on account of the little room, I have to give it - But imagine if you can, if you will, the emotions with which I sat here on the Eastern coast of New Holland, one town in my native city & the one who had warmed amid the same scenes & walked with the same friends that I had - Why I cheer

from the heart, I was surprised with Joy & so was
 he & the others that we were together were hours
 of enjoyment, singularity & pleasure, the sailor
 rarely meets with - We had to part & he is now
 sailing in sight, astern of us - But in all prob-
 ability we will never meet again -
Sic Transit Voluptas Mundi -

Thursday Dec 3^d 1845 -

How time flies! It is now five months that I have
 lived with the blue above & the blue beneath. Still
 I have been absent from my home, my own dear na-
 tive land; that I have wandered, toiled & stroven,
 to learn what life is & how many lead it. Yes, a portion
 of my time is lost. Sadly thought that in 2 times
 its length, if God so will it, I will again see
 my native land, the home of my childhood, the scene
 of my birth - In the afternoon of the day I cast anchor
 in my ground. all hands were again called &
 I was sent to the wheel & the boats were lowered
 away for another whale - They were gone about
 a half an hour when they turned him up dead
 & had him alongside - The same proceedings as
 the last took place & now we have stowed away
 in our lower hold 20 barrels of oil & many pounds
 of bone - The weather is very bad - Gale of wind
 all the time with rain - Still on station and
 crash -

Monday Dec 7th 1845

We have had a serious gale since last
 9 o'clock - In fact, one to be feared - Now
 the wind did blow & whistle through our
 rigging - Now the waves did roll & heave
 on our keel & now she nearly on her beam
 end trembled as she righted - One sea
 struck the ship & went nearly on to the

topsail yard - as she did so, the vessel
gently righted & her deck were a sea of stars.
The water ran in torrents down the
forecastle & many whose thoughts were
strangely sinful, looked up with fright-
& terror - Some engaged in playing cards, in
stinctively threw away those painted omens
of crime & clung tightly to their Bunks for
support - The Stacks were taken in & no sail
left on her, but close reefed Main & Topsail
which they always leave, even though she
blows out of her fore & aft masts - The sea at
this time is a sight awfully grand - Wave
& wave rolling, hissing & plunging Mountain high
& the main itself representing a furious snow
storm so blows the wind the boiling spray -
The Coast of New Zealand is a dangerous place
for cruising - We are now in Lat 22 South
& 125 Long. E. - & about 30 degrees to the West
end of Van Diemens Land - We have hauled
several times for right whale, but the weather
was so foul we got none - Mr. Cook doing
as it is constantly raining & blowing - Longwell
cut his hand severely the other day with one of
his men - From it he has suffered much -

Wednesday 9th 1845 -

Thank heaven we are now off for New Zealand steering East
with fair winds. Yesterday we chased the ship *Lincoln* from
New Bedford. She had been out six months & had got
but one whale - The weather is getting better &
we are running now 9 knots before the wind -

Friday Dec 11th -

Fine day. The Sun shining just warm enough & the
wind blowing from aft gentle & pleasant - The sea
as level as your hand - Got a ribble on the nose
Porkies blowing near a Finback whale among

Yesterday was a hard day for us - We covered our
 lip than 4 times for eight whales & got none after
 all - all one time 3 Right Whales were within 50
 feet of the ship blowing & puffing & the 3 boats were
 hunting after them rapidly. Suddenly there arose
 such a yell on board of ship as would disturb
 under cars - The Cabin Bell & the Fore castle
 bell were rung & heald forth their merry music
 & with hallooing, Lumping, Stamping with occasional
 the noise of felling the falling of large pieces of
 timber, the whales were completely galled, moved
 not, nay stood not. Oh how the boats did skim
 over the green Indian sea! How the men did
 lean & pull on their oars - But was on a rail
 the whales recovered from their fright & stood
 off with quick sale to ~~the~~ the ~~sea~~ the

all on day Dec. 14th 1843 -

A very pleasant day this, commencing with good
 breeze, which at this 8 bells night watch has lulled
 & left the sea a calm - The last 2 days, it has
 blown pretty strong so much so that last night
 we took in sail, hove to, & stood quarter watch.
 There was a man in the Fore castle, whose ambition
 was to be distinguished as a pugilist, but had not
 the courage to further his aim - He was always
 talking about his strength & looking at his arm hatch
 whether or no they grew in strength & size & making
 himself particularly disagreeable to me, on account
 of so doing - I resolved to punish him & to cure
 him of this mad ambition & to show him by what
 slight tenure man holds strength & even life - One
 morning after he had been on deck working hard at
 washing his clothes & evidently in the best of health
 I walked to him & told him, he looked unwell &
 that for some time past he had been declining - I
 made a long matter short, pursued him

that he was about to catch the Scurvy & that he must
instantly go through a course of medicine - He held
me some time, telling me, that he thought I was mis-
taken - But it would not answer, he must either do
as I say or suffer the consequences - I sent him aft
to the Captain to get a dose (a heavy one it was) of
Calomel & Salab, which the Captain gave him &
which he took - He followed it up by my prescription
with salts & so continued till I had completely cured
him, not only of impurities of blood & system, but
also of his damnable desire to have a froth.
I also have made some Ansh drops out of Coffee Beans
& molasses which to those I don't like. I recommend.
Whenever the men get sick or wound themselves
they generally, go always come to me & I am generally
successful in curing them of their disorder -

Oh! How Lonesome it is on board now - How we
every day curse the sea & Whaling - How we long to
sit near & particularly on land & oh when we think
of home, how the heart strings with joy, which
perhaps it is destined never to enjoy - O how those
brightest gem in human happiness, hope those our
Substitutes in adversity & then Charmer in nearly
all the walks of life, be with us now; sustain
us with thy powerful aid, through all the dangers
gloom & sorrow, that we encounter & we will thank
thee with overflowing hearts & full adoration -
We are sitting tired of each other; Officers of men
& men of each other - Is it not natural. So many
being imprisoned in a small compass & living
with the eyes of each continually fixed upon
another, that they should almost hate one
another - I never & nothing in this world I think
has substituted one, through all the trials & gloom
of this way of life but the strength of my muscles
& the discipline of my mind -

Saturday Dec 21st 1845 -

There appears a discrepancy in the days of the month & days of the week as I have them; this arose on acc of the haste in which I sketched these memoranda - Last Sunday a breeze blowing from the Westward freshened & being in sight of us, gave us an opportunity of our trying our speed before the wind - With Mr. Gallant some sail set, we shot through the chattering ice with a hum casting white water on either side of our bows with real profusion - Was a splendid sight, to see the illinois bending back with her masts & sand dory within 12 knots - By instantly to the crew to feel themselves moving over the sea. Knowing as they did, that each mile neared them to the Sandwich Port & thus I try me to see those noble fellows away from home, from friends on the briny sea, embarking themselves & even many when the comforts of life were here denied them & the prospects of recreation & pleasure distant some unknown days in the future - Still on we sailed & on Wednesday night last passed Van Diemens Land, bid farewell to the Indian Sea & welcomed as we were made acquainted with the broad, the great, the mighty Pacific - There is an emotion in the heart of me who leaves a sea on which has been made his bed many & many a time & enters on another what this emotion is many feel but cannot express - In my heart mine was a mixture of sorrow & pleasure; the one at parting with an old friend, who most probably I will never see again & the other at the making of ~~the~~ acquaintance of a brother, seaman, better - Welcome then, great circumambient sea

let us live with thee in peace & may the Sun
of light ever greet us with her smiles & we be
happy in each others sympathy - How fast God
did thy work, when from immaturity, thou
didst create in a breath, the world the seas &
all sublunary things -

When we entered the Pacific
there was a great change in the color of the water
from a dark blue in the Indian Ocean, to
a deep green & the waves rolling mighty & bold
one within another some in the Char Rhy Cen-
light & formed like diamonds of Emerald Green. Pho-
rescent Animalculae seen here at night in
large bodies, looking like bright suns & stars when
sun ~~never~~ ^{never} ~~before~~ ^{before} ~~never~~ ^{before} - We lowered our
whale this morning but got none - We had a game
of ball this afternoon on deck - The sea was a calm
& light rains coming gently on us -

Monday Dec 22, 1843.
The weather cold yet pleasant & we are within 2
days sail of New Zealand's coast - The crew
amusing themselves during dog watch, playing
at ball - The weather changeable, at times a
calm & within few hours following blowing a gale
of wind. The Albatross & the black bird in
flocks around us, remaining still on the wing
while the wind blows a gale - May find
whale soon lately & nothing of great impor-
tance coming - I have borrowed from the 2nd
mate, his volumes of the U.S. Exploring Expe-
dition & it gives me great pleasure to read
it, as I can sympathize with the officers
& crew in their distresses, having experienced
in some degree, the ill to which they
were subjected - Lately there has been a
deal of harmony in the fore castle, no

quarrelling or fighting but peace - How much better to live, than like butts to grow & bite not knowing why or caring where - Quarrelling seems of late to be unwholesome among the men & when it does occur, the combatants always feel ashamed of themselves & are scolded by the sensible part of the crew - There has been occasion for whipping or even harsh remarks from the old man on board yet - Every man now knows his duty & also knows enough to do it - I do every thing in my power, to engender the spirit of both men & officers - I strive to lead their minds to virtue & particularly to inculcate the advantages of Education - My Journals they call them are all incidents of truth in the past, which I desire them to recollect & my stories always contain a moral - Thus far my conscience tells me, that I have acted right during the time spent in the voyage & it seems to blot many sins in the past from me the book of Shant & good merrymen -

Thursday Dec 25th 1845 -

Merry Christmas, yet tis Christmas even on a cheerless and a frost - tis Merry Christmas, the holiday of children, the day when at home, merrymen that were busied with worldly cares & troubles, put on the pleasing look & when the merry cheer tells heart forth their merry music & when the merry heart opens its fountain of joy & content & sheds a joyous influence over the gloomy heart near it - tis Christmas here on the great Pacific & when we look at its vast & friendly extent, we reverence the birth day of that Christ, the Son of the Virgin who from immaturity created these noble specimens of his power & greatness - tis Christmas for the world. tis a solemn thought that the

day, one thousand Eight Hundred & Forty five years
ago, was born the Christ, the Mediator, the Saviour
of Man Kind, the only source through which the human
heart can find rest & peace. We think of these
things in sea. (We I speak of the many, whose
minds are susceptible of elevated thought, yes, we
think of this & in our hearts, thank God & ascribe
credit for this, the convincing, the grand proof of
his great incomprehensible mercy, to one of all our
race. And while our duties call our thoughts too
much from these solemn reflections, still do we
unite in thanking God for his tender mercy in
keeping us through the dangers of the past & en-
treating him to be our future guide, strength
& protection -

This morning we sighted land ahead &
made it. Was New Zealand in parts, that
is, two of the many islands that
form its name. We were too far off to
see well or to give a description accurate
of it. It appeared barren rocky & desolate &
gave no very pleasant view to the eye. The
islands were not large, in my next writing
I will write more fully concerning them - Got a
letter back from Mr. Manning & had lunch & a
breakfast - The other day the men dining tobacco &
sides, I sat myself beside my chest I wrote their names &
the quantity each man wanted - It was soon handed to
the old man & he commenced shoving the "Slop Chest" - I
brought him a whole flat to begin with & when the tobacco
was given to the men was among them & the avidity with
which it was rubbed & taken off - The tray of distribution
was as follows - The old man sat in his cabin at the
head of his table & his steward at the door & all was
silent & improving - The men taking off their hats went
in one by one & got their quantity & when I came

I grant that I was somewhat embarrassed - our relative situations at sea being so different from what they would be were on land - This feeling of assuming which will & always does arise, has affected an arrangement between myself the Captain till of late - However that is now dying away & we sit along very well together - The only cause of complaint now among the men, is wetted coffee which is given us for breakfast - Longmuth's hand is now well & he is able to go in his boat again

Saturday Dec 27th 1845 -

A few weeks since I was on the coast of New Holland and the largest island in the known world. Since that time I have endeavored to obtain all the information it was possible, in relation to it & although my circle of information is not great, being confined to the narrow compass of a ship's company, still it appears not amiss, to transcribe it, here as I have through labor obtained it - Australia & New Holland, of which New South Wales is yet the most important part, requires no description of its dimensions & geographical position. It is sufficient to know the fact, that it occupies a sea coast of the vast extent of 8 thousand miles - It was discovered by the Dutch, while engaged in exploring the coast of New Guinea, who saw the northern part of it to the south of Endeavour Strait & gave it a name from that of their own country in 1616 - Its population is derived chiefly from the convicts exported from Great Britain, who here in some degree, in some classes, have reformed from their former sins & in being removed from the place of their crime, have been transplanted here, to some measure free from the commanding influence of their Isle - Between the

years 1766 & 80, Captain Cook discovered that
part from Cape Horn to Cape Horn, its Eastern Coast
& called the whole system "New South Wales". In the
year 1787, the Eastern Coast was chosen by the
British Settlement as a penal colony - The con-
victs on arriving here are sent to the barracks of
Sydney - The government selects from them such me-
chanics as are required for the public service & then
the numerous applicants for laborers are sub-
mitted - Those assigned to private employers are
sent to the interior under the charge of a constable
or runner - They build their own huts & the climate
being very fine, require but little shelter - The hours
of labor are from six till six & the quantity of labor
expected from them, is about 2 thirds of that
required in the States - They are treated in all
respects as if they were free & no restraint is im-
posed, except that they cannot leave their masters
who when they have no further use for them, send
them back to be done with as the government re-
quires - All persons who are landholders may receive
convicts as assigned servants in the proportion of
one to every three hundred & twenty acres, but no
one proprietor can have in his employ more than
seventy five convicts - The assignment system is ob-
jectionable for many reasons - One of the great evils
of this system is that many of the convicts on arriving
are assigned to persons in Sydney & other towns, the
consequence of which is, that they are exposed to the
contaminations & temptations that are likely to beset
them in those thickly peopled places & this too only
a few months after their conviction in the mother
country - This influence removes all hopes of reform
& they are usually soon found among the criminals
of New South Wales - Upon their masters making any
before a magistrate, they are subject to severe casti-

gation for any misbehavior - The present system is
 fitted to entail evil & misery on the colony & they are
 few disinterested men to be found, who do not view it
 as calculated to prevent any moral improvement -
 Murders, robberies & frauds are brought by it, for
 which extreme punishments are of such frequent ex-
 perience, that it is a matter of astonishment that a
 stranger should remark that an execution had taken
 place - Although Great Britain has a right to assume
 a proud pre-eminence in her exertions to emancipate
 the blacks, yet it behoves her to look to her moral
 settlements & examine into the tyranny & degradation,
 that a large number of her subjects are suffering
 here, many yet very many of them for trivial offences -
 The female convicts are sent to the factory at Para-
 mata, where they are engaged in prison labour - The
 factory is a large stone building enclosed with high
 walls & contains more than 1000 inmates - They are
 divided in 3 classes - The first employed in making
 linen clothing, such as shirts, children clothes &c - The
 2nd in making up coarse articles of apparel for gov-
 ernment & shore parties - the third in picking, valuing
 washing for the establishment & clearing, &c - It
 would be difficult to imagine says my informant a
 more hideous community, & those who visit this es-
 tablishment could scarcely realize the probability
 that Great Britain could have produced such
 an assemblage of ugly creatures - It is hardly
 conceivable says he, that the feminine character could
 have ever existed under faces, in which all traces
 of gentle expression have long since been annihilated
 & where the countenance now indicates only the pre-
 sence of the baser passions - New Holland is sub-
 ject to frequent droughts & rains & its products although
 great are not of the best kind

January 3rd 1846 -

It is exactly six months since we sailed. Who on board can realize it is a New Year that has broken upon us & although young she has greeted us cheerily, having given us a whale for her gift - 5 or 6 days ago we hauled the meridian line down to the Westward of it, consequently we have gained one day in this voyage round the world - December had in it 32 days, we have thrown away one day and from our chronometer we are now with you in Sunday, with this difference, that ~~at~~ I am at present writing at 2 o'clock P.M. & you are declining from an early morn. - On the 1st of this month we hauled & got another whale & cut him in & staid the combs the same day - He also broke the Daniel Webster from Day-Harbor, she having sailed Friday after we hauled & had in the hope of taking 2 whales - During the next day, she & I commenced with the Superior, a Barge from Day Harbor, she had no whale - Same day saw ship, that had been 2 seasons on the North West coast whaling, near Ramsdell & had obtained but two barrels & has not got another & may be 2 more seasons before she gets full - All this indicates that we will have to be out 2 seasons a more or less, I will not be home in 3 or 4 years - This morning the Larboard Quarter & the Quater, at anchor away, made of ash to a hummock & killed him - The old man would ^{not} allow him to be brought aboard so they were compelled to cut him from him -

Monday Jan 2nd 1846 -

The weather for the last 3 days has been of a kind to make all feel miserable - so dismal, so gloomy & so freezing - In fact from the main to the Gallant mast head, one could not discern the end of the fly Bit Broom - Finback Whales have been playing all around the ship & was a pleasing, though by no means a novel sight, to see these huge monsters of the deep, ^{not} blowing & running their misty heads from ~~the~~ ^{out} the water, that at a distance of but few yards of the ship - Few birds now around us; the head winds & low mounds of repell - Still crying on starboard - How we long for the Sandwich Islands; still there is no use of complaining as we know we must be there all March at the earliest -

Among the many changes of confusion in the fore-castle, I

had lost the Key of my little Casket Bag - at this point one
more & I had delayed opening it. Till it was absolutely necessary,
which happened about a week ago, when I opened it & handed
with a Mauling shike - I opened it for my Testament & with
shame do I confess that previous to that time, I had read
not a word in God's holy Book - Since then, at my watch
below, when around me slumber my shipmates, I light my
lamp, take my little Testament & read with interest I never
before knew, the history of Christ, his doctrines & commands - There
is a blessing in this, that is perfectly new to me & if life
& health are shared me, I shall take advantage of this
my age, to store my mind & heart with its truths & lessons -
I don't know that I ever felt so comforted as I did for
a while this evening - I thought of home, not only as it is, but
as it was - I thought how happy we all were, when I & my
sister lived & before death snatched from us, the best of
our days - I thought of the changes since that time; how great
how disturbing of home at the present; of Father & Mother, the
one now lonely & sad & the other where I now was they - and
I was sad & and the eyes that long had known no tear, were
dimmed & the heart that had known no God, exclaimed, "Not
my will & God, but thine be done - These thoughts were troubling
me much - Will not answer for the sailor whose life is every
moment in extreme danger, to ponder on these things & busy in -
Immediately, I slipped myself & went on deck & worked with
the Starboard watch to fix some dark pictures in the
hull -

Thursday Jan 14th 1845

Since last I wrote, we had a gale of wind, though not of
a severe character. After the gale had killed our Captain &
struck a number of Rept. Marine but not us. We are now bound to
the Sandwich Islands in real earnest - This morning we
rigged the main top Gallant studding sail & on our
Royal & are at this time dashing through the Pacific with
fair winds with right good will - It is said, the
old man will make Pitcairney Island - We will

Don know the bulk of the above. Hi Whale of the light
kind seen, things on Sunday night last, when the sea
was a calm & when I was walking in the waste (about 2 o'clock)
I heard a blow & running at the main rigging, saw
2 Fin back Whales playing at a little distance from the
ship, running their huge heads out the water & snorting up
with the spouting & music of their blows - We have all been
in the ship chest & bought each man, 3 yards of Blue
Dungaree cloth in order to make "a square duff" - Every man
& a while, one of the officers shot a sea hen, we cooked
them - I forgot to mention sometime since, that when trying
out the Cast Whale, we cooked an Allatop in oil & eat
him - The eating was good, although a little strong & tougher
than our domestic fowls - Was near the 1st of this month
that I wrote Father a long letter from New Zealand - I
have it still in my chest & am likely I think to put it
there, till we get to home -

Tuesday Jan 20th 1846

Since last I wrote we have had a fair wind &
have swept steadily along to the Northward & Eastward -
I am one who has never seen a ship under full sail
at sea, with straddling sails & royal, etc, bending
within 12 knots, the sight is grand & inspiring - I
never enjoyed myself more in my life, than I did last
night, in sitting on the Rail of the foremast, beholding her
beating the waves & throwing the sharkline from
fore and aft. And this too was the great Pacific Whale
runner & boundless extent & nobility as well as his
trians & Commodore's have made their subject -
We are making fine speed a day & must soon
catch the South East trade when we will bear
North - It is said the old man will make Pitcairn
Island, I hope he will for we are out of Polynesia -
This morning we saw the carcass of a Right Whale
not far from the ship. The Allatops were thick
around it & were feeding themselves with this there

delight of food - Scaled & Bunched Whale bone
this afternoon, say about 1 m. round of the same.
We are catching Dolphins nearly every day & having
a sea hi made of their meal -

Wednesday Jan. 28th 1846 -

Since last I wrote we have been scudding before
the wind at an average of 9 knots & are at this
present moment running well before the wind, with fore-
mast studding sail & foremast studding sail
set. Nothing smother of us, save the light hearted
ness of the crew, in the exultation of soon being
on land. Our Latitude is now 35° 37' South & by
next Monday we expect to make Pitcairn. Last
night was a very ugly night. During the middle watch
much lightning & a very heavy squall. The squall came
so suddenly that we were compelled to run the
topsails on the oak. The weather is delightful.
The sun shins warm yet pleasant & pleasant
 breeze from aft, wafting happily with us -

Thursday Monday 2nd Feb 1846 -

Sailing about 3 a.m. & going on, with a fair breeze
& very pleasant weather. We are in Latitude 29° South
& expect to make Pleasures Island on the
Morrow the next day. The last 2 or 3 days pre-
ceding this, the sea was a calm - so dead a calm
that not a breath of wind could be felt. On
Sunday in the afternoon, the old man allowed
in the waste boat & off we pulled about 12 of
us, some distance from the ship, undrunk &
dined in the Pacific, regardless of Charles, that
no doubt were in this latitude. We enjoyed
ourselves in this way for about 2 hours, when
we came aboard. The weather is very warm &
as we near the line necessarily gets hotter. We
hardly realize that it is February & that whale
backs & our coats are by no means offensive

then, stockings can not be warm here -

Friday February 5th 1846 -

One would suppose that I was getting tired of my Journal at seeing the infrequency with which I write. But tis not so - My Journal I mean not for a sea log, but that at some future day, I may look back at the past through this as a telescope & see where I wandered & erred. We are now in 20 Smith, nearing the line every day & affecting in less than 2 weeks to cross it. We are running in the trades which waft their heads and keels in one way only. The weather is unimpaired to those who have never crossed the line & run pleasantly with the trades, termed by Lady in the extreme to heat & live in for a season. This tropical & pleasant air - Blue blazing wind the repell is ^{the} Albion & Skiback with keen eye watching the bows of the vessel as in his course, she starts the fly, fish & the fly fish aware of danger swims in the air, but finally falls a victim to the Albion, who with eye upon him, watched from whence he fled & seizes him the moment he alights. The shark too that cursed monster ever & anon we see, showing his greedy jaws & waiting for his prey. What can surpass the moonlight sight here in grandeur & beauty visible. The breeze of the trade blowing land cool enough & the sky a cleared moon cloudless in the most part & displaying the stargaze of heaven with all their beauty & brilliancy. Meteors are of frequent occurrence here - so great is the light of them, that for a time the ship seems illuminated, while the stars withy fall into den thunders & shawls of clear effulgent light. In this latitude, squalls of wind accompanied with much lightning & thunder of which we have had by no means few. Last night we were compelled to run the foremast on the cat & run the Rink off from the vessel. We are very glad for the most part, as seeing all the missing & missing Remate & the like.

Sunday February 8th 1846

Delightful weather - weather too warm & too cold, truly

pleasant - This morning we experienced rather an unusual
 occurrence, was that of a calm in the South East
 trades - But since that time it has blown up & we are
 easily going about 4 knots - Our Lat' is about $16^{\circ} 21'$ South
 A number of Skink Jacks & Albatrosses all around chasing
 off by sight - This morning the Captain gave per-
 mission to lower the Larboard Quarter boat when
 the 1st Mate & nearly all the crew went again
 to swim - Yesterday morning before daylight the old man
 came on deck with his drawers, looking cross & evidently
 desiring to make a fuss with some body - Now I am
 not a particular favorite of his, whether from dis-
 appointing him in his expectation of finding me a lazy im-
 prudent rascal or no, I know not - But so it is - He called
 me to the wheel & on my attempting to pass to the windward
 of him, drew up his fist & with an oath threatened to
 knock me down, besides damming me for some time for
 nothing whatever - All this now alarmed me for a moment
 for I was hooked for the moment & as the sailors say
 it is a game that no man can play at - Was probably told
 for in fact that he left me as I was, as the law being
 an officer scarcely responsible for striking a man at the
 wheel - The matter is now over but no doubt there
 will be a repetition of it before long - There are plenty
 of birds near us called Boobies & Manly Shrike
 birds, they are very pretty at any time.

Saturday February 14th 1846

The trades are blowing free & pleasant - Our Latitude is
 about 9.20 South & although the days are warm, still the
 nights are beautiful & clear. For ever in moonlight here
 & how often you see often as we skim the silvery sea with
 the balmy tropical trades & a cloudless sky ^{do you} think of home
 the place we left so far behind - Or else we lay around
 in smokes & build castles for the future or gaze on the
 horns of the watch. Say before yesterday we saw within
 a span of sperm whale. The boats were immediately

lived & in a short time we had one along side.
The sperm whale differs from the Right whale in every respect
manner: The head of the one we got, although he was
a small whale, making only 27 bands, measured 11 feet
in length & nearly the same in thickness - His square
is inlaid with layers of blubber - His head alone gave
us 13 bands of oil. It was a sight to see this huge mam-
moth lying alongside of our ship, which but a few mo-
ments before was plunging the sea with life & wrath - & then
there hung his huge jaws, lined well with teeth, giving
him a formidable appearance even in death - We cut
him in after some work & we have him with the other
whales stowed away & there is not a spot on the ship, which
could tell the tale, so clean are her decks - I always had
a great desire to see a shark. Here I was gratified - The
very moment the whale was hauled alongside, it seemed as if
the sea had sent its sharks to watch it. The whole ship
was surrounded by these monsters. It became necessary when
cutting in a whale that one should fasten on the head-
board the boat staves lashed on the whale's back & fastened
on, while the sharks, were biting all around him & snapping pieces
of blubber from the whale of six & eight pounds in weight. One
shark snapped near his tail when the mate with a spade
struck him on the head, which caused him to mill round
& round to the much amusement of the crew - About this
shark being struck was evidently made crazy by the blow
for he would come again & again to the ship, till at length
the booby darted the dog at him, brought blood, but
did not bite him - He then again milled around & put
to rights and as soon as possible - The Rave at this moment
in deck, a machine for making spun yarn in on it & also
a machine worked in the great halcyons - I have a new
book, to continue my Journal on & as this one is rather
dirty, I will stow him in the round tier of my chest
to be landed for when we again catch. Say Hello
to all.

Loan tribe

John

Gallant Chelene

John & Pacific Trade

John & Bowling

John & Gallant Bowling

John & Baby

John & Range

John & the same State of California

John & the Shield

7th

"

"

3

"

Zealand

[Large stylized signature]

Zealand

John
John
Zealand

John & Bowling

John & Bowling

John & Bowling

John & Bowling New York

The following is a sample of a page of "THE UNITED STATES ACADEMICAL AND COMMERCIAL SCHOOL REGISTER; OR DIARY OF RECITATION AND DEPARTMENT," which may be kept by Teachers, Monitors or Scholars: By the Author of "The Improved S. S. Class Book; By a Superintendent."

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DATE.	184	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Friday	Satur.	Am't req'd.	Am't given.	Deficit.
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Arithmetic										
Astronomy										
Book Keeping										
Botany										
Chemistry										
Composition										
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Elocution										
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Geometry										
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Latin										
Miscellaneous										
Navigation										
Penmanship										
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REMARKS—

E. W. Trotter

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